

The Critic

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A Plea for the Caroline Islanders.

THE Pacific Ocean has almost a special literature of its own. From Pigafetta, whose account of the eventful voyage of Magellan and his comrades ('the first that ever burst' into that peaceful sea) has just been reprinted by Prof. Arber, down to Lady Brassey and Mark Twain, we have had a succession of voyagers and writers, whose works offer us, even in the most every-day incidents, a singular attraction. This vast ocean-world, with its innumerable islands, glowing in tropical splendor, and peopled by natives of peculiarly engaging traits, presents a field of observation and adventure such as can nowhere else be found. And we are as yet only at the beginning. As the western coast of our continent grows in population and importance,—as Australia and New Zealand develop into great powers,—as China and Japan take their places in the first rank of civilized nations,—the Pacific Ocean will be more and more a theatre of life and interest. Thousands of keels will traverse it in every direction. In the commerce and politics of the globe it will be, in the near future, what the Mediterranean was in former times, and more than the Atlantic is in our day. We need not wonder that all the maritime nations are striving for a foothold in it or on its borders.

A new interest has lately been awakened in a part of this ocean which has hitherto attracted comparatively little attention. During the recent international flurry between Germany and Spain, so much has been written concerning Micronesia,—the 'region of small islands,' as the geographers have appropriately styled it,—that we are all pretty well informed about it. We know that nearly a hundred little clusters, comprising altogether perhaps five hundred islets, are scattered confusedly, like the points of a terrestrial galaxy, along a wide space of the western Pacific, just north of the Equator; that these many clusters are grouped into five or six larger divisions, the chief of which is known as the Caroline Islands,—a name often extended to the whole Micronesian range; and that, though the islands have been visited and surveyed by the ships of many nations—Spanish, French, Russian, English and American,—their people have been allowed till now to retain their independence of all foreign control. But what is not so well known is the very remarkable character of this people.

There is nothing of the savage either in their mental traits, their appearance, or their mode of life. As to their moral qualities, the consent of opinion among their visitors is complete. 'In character,' writes one of these, who has had good opportunities of observation, 'the Micronesians—at least those of them who belong to the lighter-colored tribes—will compare advantageously with any other people, whether civilized or savage. Their most pleasing, and, at the same time, their most striking trait, is a certain natural kindness and goodness of heart, to which all their visitors, of every country and character, bear the same testimony. Wilson at the Pelew Islands, Kotzebue at Radack, Duperrey and D'Urville at Ualan, Lütke and Martens at all the western islands, O'Connell and every other visitor at Ponapé,

Paulding at the Mulgrave Group, and Wilkes at Makin, have had occasion to remark the sweetness of temper and the absence of any harsh and violent feelings, which characterize the inhabitants. The strong and decided testimony of so many witnesses can leave no doubt that the natives of the Caroline Islands are, for the most part, a kind, amiable and gentle race.' Their aspect and phrenology answer to this description of their character. They have regular and handsome features, somewhat of the Japanese cast, with a frank, manly, and confiding expression. That which especially characterizes them, we are told, is the great elevation of the forehead, and indeed of the whole head, as compared with its breadth. This was general in those whom we saw, and is apparent in nearly all the portraits of natives which have been given by different voyagers.

They build dwellings of two stories, sometimes of great size. Their council-houses frequently exceed a hundred feet in length, by fifty in width and forty in height. Their canoes are large, well caulked and painted, safe and swift. Their mariners have a good knowledge of the constellations, and readily undertake voyages of a thousand miles, steering by the stars. They divide the horizon into twenty-eight points, instead of the thirty-two of our compasses, giving each a name. Their artisans weave in a loom, from the fibres of the banana-plant, the neat and many colored cinctures which form the native dress. They have a kind of writing,—symbols to represent or recall names and events. They have even a currency,—disks of shell, strung together like the copper 'cash' of the Chinese. Their land is held mostly in private ownership, by clearly defined titles. They have not only settled governments in the different islands and groups, but an international code, or 'law of peace and war,' better regarded and more humane than that of ancient Greece or modern Europe. No war must be commenced without a formal declaration, made by a herald. The conqueror must not destroy the fruit-trees, which are the life of the vanquished. Women at all times are treated with jealous respect, and hold in social esteem and usage an equal position with men.

All this is civilization, in its substance and primary elements; and when we seek its origin, we have not far to look. Northwest of Micronesia, at no great distance, lie the Loo Choo Islands and Japan, where we find all the traits of these islanders, combined with the wider culture which the surroundings have made possible; and when we learn that the religion of the Micronesians is totally different from the ferocious superstitions which prevail elsewhere in the Pacific, and is exactly the primitive religion of eastern Asia,—the worship of ancestral spirits—we have no difficulty in tracing this insular civilization to its natural source.

The seizure of these islands by any foreign power is an act utterly without excuse. Their own governments are amply sufficient for all purposes for which governments are established. Most of the islands have already been Christianized by American missionaries; but even in the heathen groups, foreigners reside with less fear of peril than they would feel in Berlin or Madrid. The lowest order of statesmanship, which looks only at what will pay, must condemn this aggression. With all their natural beauty, the islands are of no value for colonization. Most of them are of the low coral formation, yielding little besides breadfruit and coconuts,—mere flat and monotonous specks or stretches of land, on which no white man, except a self-sacrificing missionary, will willingly live. The dozen of 'high islands' are all small,—not one of them supporting more than ten thousand inhabitants. Every foot of level ground is occupied. The missionaries have had a difficulty in securing space for their buildings. Except by exterminating the natives, there is no room for a white population. Their commerce is, and must always be, insignificant. The traffic of all Micronesia would not sustain one first-class mercantile house in London or New York. The expense of a colonial establishment would be an unproductive burden on the

power which sustained it. Such has evidently been the opinion of Spain, and of all other maritime countries, until Prince Bismarck,—the most visionary and unscientific of statesmen, except in the arts of war and conquest,—in his ridiculous quest for colonies among all the most unsuitable portions of the globe, has been attracted by these pretty but 'profitless' islands. The German people, when they scrutinize his absurd acquisitions, may well say, as poor Goldsmith wrote, when offered a professorship without a salary,

'Tis like giving us ruffles when wanting a shirt.

What is peculiarly noticeable is the fact that of all the great maritime nations, the two which have done least for the exploration of these groups are the two which are quarrelling about them. France, Russia, England and the United States have all sent surveying expeditions, at great expense, to make charts and open the way to commerce among these islands. American missionaries, zealous and devoted men and women of the highest education and refinement that our churches and seminaries can produce, have lived and taught among their people, with excellent results, for more than thirty years. Some English and American traders, with a few French and Germans—and not, so far as is known, a single Spaniard—are established among them. The islanders are fast improving in all the branches of knowledge that can be useful to them. Five or six of their languages have been reduced to writing, and many thousands of the people have learned to read.

An excellent example has been set to the world in another part of the North Pacific. The Sandwich Islands were discovered by an English navigator—Captain Cook—and were surveyed by another—Vancouver. A Hawaiian king actually placed his dominions under the protection of the British Crown. But with a magnanimity and wisdom which cannot be too highly commended, the British Government has refused to interfere with the independence of the group, which has now taken a respectable place among civilized nations, under the silent but well-understood safeguard of England and the United States. The Caroline Islanders certainly equal, if they do not surpass, the Hawaiians in the qualities which a people require for maintaining good government. Why should not the maritime powers combine to protect, in their harmless independence, the gentle and hospitable people of this oceanic Switzerland? Historians are agreed in holding that the Spanish conquest of Peru was a disastrous revolution, which destroyed a happier social system and a higher civilization than it founded. The humanity of our age, which has abolished the slave-trade and established the Congo Free-State, should be able to preserve for the bright-witted and kindly islanders of the West Pacific the liberties which they, like the Hawaiians and the Japanese, have proved themselves well qualified to enjoy and to develop.

Reviews

Insect Friends of Flowers.*

THE poets have called a butterfly a flower with wings, and it used to be a commonplace among them to speak of the bee as a plunderer of sweets, a rifler of honey, an incessant torment of the flowers of garden and field. Even Erasmus Darwin used these conventionalities in the last century in his 'Loves of the Plants,' using the license of poetry in so doing. Nowadays we have a literature bearing on what might be called the friendly and necessary relations between insects and flowers, which has revealed the astonishing fact that the insects, so far from being plunderers, are invited by the flowers to call, and only earn that name when they come at the wrong time and break through to the honey not yet offered them, or decline to walk that road toward the sweets which it is the interest of the plant to make them

take. Yet the famous grandfather of the illustrious Charles Darwin had not failed to catch a glimpse of this truth also; only the authors who had observed facts that bore on it—Tournefort and Pontedera—had not given it the weight it deserved. Erasmus Darwin, however, thought it worth this allusion, when describing the fructification of the wild fig by the agency of gnats:

Closed in an azure fig by fairy spells,
Bosom'd in down, fair CAPRIFIGA dwells,—
So sleeps in silence the Curculio, shut
In the dark chambers of the cavern'd nut,
Erodes with ivory beak the vaulted shell
And quits on filmy wings its narrow cell:
So the pleased Linnet in the moss-wove nest,
Waked into life beneath its parent's breast,
Chirps in the gaping shell, bursts forth ere long,
Shakes its new plumes and tries its tender song.
And now the talisman she strikes that charms
Her husband-Sylph,—and calls him to her arms.
Quick, the light Gnat her airy Lord bestrides,
With cobweb reins the flying courser guides,
From crystal steepes of viewless ether springs,
Cleaves the soft air on still expanded wings;
Darts like a sunbeam o'er the boundless wave
And seeks the beauty in her secret cave.
So with quick impulse through all nature's frame
Shoots the electric air its subtle flame,
So turns the impatient needle to the pole,
Tho' mountains rise between, and oceans roll.

Erasmus Darwin did not have the good fortune to see before writing his once-popular poem the little book by Christian Conrad Sprengel which appeared at Berlin in 1793—'Das Entdeckte Geheimniss der Natur im Baue und in der Befruchtung der Blumen;' and indeed it made no ripple at the time, and sank out of sight for three-quarters of a century, so that Charles Darwin himself could only make use of it after he had come to his own conclusions on the subject as the result of different trains of argument. 'The Secret of Nature Revealed in the Structure and Fertilization of Flowers' was written from the point of view of one who worshipped that 'wise author of nature who has not created one hair without definite purpose,' and sought to show how all the colors, scents and singular forms of flowers have some useful purpose.

Prof. Hermann Müller's record of observations on the fertilisation of flowers were published, under the title 'Die Befruchtung der Blumen,' in 1873. The English translation came a decade later, but luckily in time to have received a few words by way of prefatory notice from Charles Darwin, who was dead before it went to press. It has, besides the recommendation of the master, an excellent editor in Mr. d'Arcy Thompson of Trinity College, Cambridge, who has added many fresh notes forwarded to him by the author, and has not shrunk from the labor of a bibliography, giving, as completely as was possible, a list of all books, papers and notes dealing with the fertilization of flowers; further, an index to this list; and still further, an index of the plants investigated and mentioned in the book, and another of the insects. If anything were needed to rouse that wonder which Carlyle used to taunt most people with lacking, and then for the asserted lack of it pour curses on their heads, it would be the marvellous adaptations of the most alive of living things, and such as only by poetic license we are used to mention as existences. Prof. Hermann Müller went to work systematically, and as if time were nothing to him. It was often necessary to measure a number of flowers of a given plant under investigation in order to get the average depth of the layer of honey below the mouth; then, to catch the insect or insects that brought to it or took from it the fertilizing pollen, and measure their sucking-beaks. On such delicate measurements and observations of the insects at work his arguments are based. The reports are preceded by an historical introduction which appears to recognize no one farther back than Sprengel, points out the reason for the neglect of that investigator,

* The Fertilization of Flowers. By Prof. Hermann Müller. Translated and Edited by d'Arcy W. Thompson. With a Preface by Charles Darwin. London and New York: Macmillan & Co.

shows that Andrew Knight in 1799 held the key that Sprengel needed, and that Darwin used first in 1857 and more completely in his work on orchids, and discusses the most recent volumes on the subject. Müller speaks in the highest terms of Darwin, and the latter, signing at Down, February 6th, 1882, wrote: 'The book contains an enormous mass of original observations on the fertilization of flowers, and on the part which insects play in the work, given with much clearness, and illustrated by many excellent woodcuts. Any young and ardent observer who will study Müller's work and then observe for himself, giving full play to his imagination, but rigidly checking it by testing each notion experimentally, . . . will, if I may judge by my own experience, receive so much pleasure from his work that he will ever afterwards feel grateful to the author and translator of the "Befruchtung der Blumen."'

Hamerton's "Paris."*

CŒLEBS in search of a quiet, meditative book on Paris, which has but a remote connection with the rushing guide-book or the gushing globe-trotter, can hardly do better than wander through the ancient streets and among the choice architectural monuments of that city hand in hand with such an accomplished *cicerone* as Mr. P. G. Hamerton. Glimpses of 'the intellectual life' which Mr. Hamerton has lived, no less than flashes of the artistic inspiration which has placed him so high among a certain class of contemporary artists, abound in this volume—glimpses and flashes which render his presentation of Paris especially pregnant and interesting. The peculiar character of the task, too, which he has set himself, and which concerns itself more particularly with the changes undergone by the architecture and topography of Paris within the last few centuries, gives his book a value of its own quite apart from the delightful style in which it is written and the accurate observation of which it gives evidence on every page. While he has enough of the Old Mortality about him to linger lovingly and regretfully over the effacement of immemorial landmarks, the author has wit enough to enjoy and relish the magnificent 'Hausmannization' which Paris underwent under the last Napoleon—the great boulevards opened, the vistaed streets radiating from noteworthy centres, the elegant quais, theatres, and churches that sprang up as if by magic under Hausmann's touch, the brilliant building stone with its elaborate carving which has become a fixed feature of modern Lutetia, and the immense system of intelligent sanitation to which the city has been subjected. All these eloquent facts, and many more, come up appreciatively in the book, and counterbalance the faint elegiac whisper that breathes from the vanishing of ancient edifices, the remodelling of historic thoroughfares, or the extinction of precious and inestimable structures. Mr. Hamerton takes us step by step through old Lutetia, the Tuileries and the Louvre, the Hôtel de Ville, the parks and gardens, the streets, the great and little churches, and in the course of the peregrination (which includes a voyage round the island) we listen attentively to his abundant story and glean from his comments and comparisons, his statements and contrasts, so much information and amusement, agreeably imparted, that we feel as if we had never before known Paris, or that we had been there *en colin-maillard*, without having our eyes properly open. Mr. Hamerton's eye—whatever ours may have been—is peculiarly alive to the artistic, the picturesque, the memorable aspects and moods of the Gallic capital; and though we may have felt ever so much, before, that Cæsar's *omnis Gallia* was all concentrated and included in Paris, yet, under the author's guidance, we see how much had been left out in our examination and appreciation. This is the true office of the *cicerone*: to deepen into positive lines and channels the mere wrinkles and corrugations of impression that an object may have left in us, to whet

and sharpen the appetite, to egg on the relaxed or inactive imagination, to anoint the eye and communicate to its crystalline lens a new power of imaging our surroundings and grasping them in a living and opulent focus. The true teacher is full of flashes and 'insights,' the true preacher suddenly calls down fire from heaven, the true traveller kindles and ignites at a chance spark. These chance sparks are sprinkled plentifully through Mr. Hamerton's talk, and they give light and sight wherever they fall. He does not give us the truth with trimmings or the trimmings without the truth: we see the object through his transparent style in a manner at once concrete, suggestive, and instructive, and every angle of it comes out as sharply and clearly as a stereoscopic cut.

Dr. Waldstein on Pheidias.*

DR. WALDSTEIN'S book is the most important contribution to the literature of classical archaeology which has yet come from an American pen—a fact which gives it at once a strong claim upon our attention. But it needs no such extrinsic claim to support its intrinsic value and attraction. It may stand simply on its merits and find a place among the best of the many aids to an understanding of Greek art which have recently been given to the world in other countries than our own. As its title implies, it is not a connected history nor a systematic exposition of its subject: it is simply a collection of essays which deal with various kindred themes, and which are all bound together by a common aim and purpose, or (more exactly) by two common and connected aims. These aims are, to characterize the nature of the art of Pheidias, and to explain and illustrate the methods by which the modern archaeologist arrives at his decisions with regard to such matters and then utilizes them for the increase of definite knowledge—for the identification of hitherto unrecognized or questioned relics. This last-mentioned aim is theoretically set forth in the first essay, which is extremely valuable as explaining intelligibly a science that is too often but vaguely conceived of or wholly misunderstood by the popular mind. Then, in certain later chapters, we are shown the concrete working of this science in an account of the author's own investigations and of the important discoveries which he believes he has made. We say 'believes he has made' for we are conscious that none but learned and professional investigators like himself are entitled to pronounce dogmatically upon matters of the sort. But we hasten to add that in so far as an outsider may judge from illustrations and from arguments which are unmistakably candid and broad-minded, Dr. Waldstein seems not only to have made a good plea in each separate case, but to have established his point as completely as he wished to establish it. His recognition, among a number of unregarded fragments in the Louvre, of a Lapith head belonging to one of the metopes of the Parthenon in the British Museum, and the subsequent confirmation of his belief when the parts were brought together (by the aid of a cast of the Paris fragment), make up a very picturesque story, and one which illustrates in a most striking way how the thorough training of eye and mind may result in a faculty which may actually be called critical intuition. The record of this discovery and of the finding in various European museums of certain terra-cotta fragments which may fairly be supposed—if not absolutely proven—to be parts of the original study of Pheidias for the Parthenon frieze, will seem the most important part of the book to the archaeological student. And, we repeat, it is a part which has an extreme value for the general reader in its (so to say) dramatic illustration of the methods of such a student. But a still wider interest lies in those pages which treat of the spirit of Pheidias art and explain the subject-matter, the conception, and the execution of those objects which are among the world's greatest and most authentic treasures. The general introduc-

* Paris in Old and Present Times. By Philip Gilbert Hamerton. \$3.00. Boston: Roberts Bros.

* Essays on the Art of Pheidias. By Charles Waldstein, M.A. \$7.50. Cambridge: University Press. New York: The Century Co.

tion to this branch of the subject (Essay II.) is most admirable, and we would especially point out for notice Essays VI. and VII., which treat of the Parthenon frieze in a singularly sympathetic and lucid way. There is also an instructive chapter on chryselephantine statues and another on Attic sepulchral reliefs; while in an appendix are reprinted a number of papers which first appeared in the journals of various scientific societies, but well deserved to find the wider public they will now appeal to. On the whole so great is not only the interest but the variety of interest in the book that we can hardly recommend it too strongly to our readers, whether they be serious students of archæology or simply intelligent lovers of art and—what is not exactly the same thing—of the history of art.

Holiday Publications.

'ETCHING,' by S. R. Koehler (Cassell & Co.), is published at an opportune moment. It is at once a fairly complete work on etching, written from the standpoint of the contemporary American amateur or student, and a handsome holiday art-book. Mr. Koehler's position as the editor of *The American Art Review*, which had a brilliant if ephemeral career, his connection with *The Magazine of Art*, and his acknowledged ability as a writer on art subjects, cause the reader to expect a high standard of artistic and technical discrimination in the present work. Nor is he disappointed. Mr. Koehler's bias is naturally somewhat German, in his estimate of the early etchers. His style is, on the whole, clear and concise, and at times even elegant. Only an occasional barbarism reveals the fact that the English language is not his native tongue. This work on etching does not pretend to exhaust the subject, either historically or as regards contemporary schools of etching. It claims only to give an outline of the technical and literary sides of this subtle form of artistic expression. Mr. Koehler has spared no pains in his researches that could shed light upon the etchings of the old masters, in the historic or artistic sense. He has investigated the claims of each master to be accounted a great etcher, and gives a carefully digested summary of the evidence for and against, offered by the plates themselves, as far as he has been able to obtain access to them, and by the opinions of the best art-writers of different epochs. He has gone deeper into the etching of periods remote enough to be regarded as classic, than into that of the Nineteenth Century. His treatment of the old masters of etching is more serious than that of the men who are the leaders of the modern etching revival. Much as has been written on this subject, there yet remains much to be said. As far as Mr. Koehler goes, he is satisfactory; but he does not go far enough. His outline of etching becomes very sketchy in the chapters on the contemporary French and English schools. The chapter on American etching presents the facts connected with the establishment of different etching-societies in this country, and describes the plates and reproductions of etchings which are included in the book. Many specialist readers may not agree with the relative positions accorded to different American etchers. The chapters devoted to modern European and American etching are treated after what might be called the methods of periodical literature, which aim at suggestive rather than exhaustive treatment. The technical chapters merit unqualified approval for their simple, explicit exposition of the principles of etching, and for their clear directions as to the practical application of them. Every contingency that may arise to puzzle the amateur or the beginner is considered and provided against. The manual labor of etching is by no means inconsiderable, and the precision of touch required to properly handle the etching materials, so far as it can be acquired, may be gained by careful study of these well-arranged paragraphs. The student is led on by progressive methods until he suddenly finds himself master of his craft. The illustrations are numerous and of excellent quality. The principal etchers of each school and century are represented by phototypic reproductions and heliogravures of their works. Thirty full-page plates, by old and modern masters, are given. Those by the modern men have been selected with reference to their exemplification of some principle of technique, as well as for representative artistic quality. Thus, Mr. C. A. Vanderhoof's excellent plate, 'The Fisherman's Home,' shows the effect produced by the use of pure drypoint. Mr. Swain Gifford's landscape illustrates completeness of detail, combined with breadth. In Whistler's London street-scene we find the suggestive quality which is peculiarly modern. In Otto H. Bacher's Venetian lagoon the artistic

use of black spots is noticeable. Other modern plates are a female figure, by J. M. Gauguin, given as an instance of rapidity in etching; 'Twilight in Arizona,' by Thomas Moran, showing the quality of tone and shadow resulting from the employment of the roulette; a Lalanne, two Jacquemarts, a Flameng, a fine Rajon illustrating two methods of printing; and original etchings, in the characteristic manner of each artist, by George L. Brown, Peter Moran, Henry Farrer, Stephen Parrish, James D. Smillie, Charles A. Platt and Mrs. Mary Nimmo Moran. (\$20.)

J. B. LIPPINCOTT CO. have published Goldsmith's famous ballad, 'The Hermit,' with drawings by Walter Shirlaw, engraved by Frederick Juengling. The engravings show some admirable work of a delicate and exact kind, in the decorative designs, although they in no wise reproduce the fine tone, the strong color and the rich texture of the originals. In the figure-subjects, which are naturally the more important, the engraver has assumed too much. He has undertaken a sort of pseudo-interpretation of the artist's intention, which has greatly injured the effect of the engravings. In many cases he has falsified and belittled the artist's conception and execution. The contrast between the original drawings and Mr. Juengling's rather unhappy reproductions was strongly emphasized when the designs and the India and Japan proofs of the engravings were shown, side by side, at Mr. Shirlaw's studio. The drawings are twenty-seven in number, and were all, with two exceptions, executed in black and white oils. Mr. Shirlaw has added much to his reputation by these fine works, which are noticeable for technical strength, brilliancy of effect, skill in the use of the medium, and the mingling of decorative and classic feeling in conception and treatment. The sumptuous ball-room scene, and the figure of the traveller in the storm, are two of the finest of the designs. The decorative designs, especially that of the child and doves, are remarkable for their purity, harmony and vigor of style.

BOOKS on Spain are by no means rare, but few of them succeed in conveying to the mind of the reader an adequate impression of the beauties of the country or of the glories of its past. Such being the case, a pleasurable surprise awaits the person who picks up 'Through Spain,' by S. P. Scott (J. B. Lippincott Co. \$5), and intuitively hardens his mind to the contemplation of the usual mass of puerilities, inanities and vulgarities that form the conventional American amateur record of foreign travel. He will find, instead, a lovely book. The panorama of Spanish cities, landscapes, human life and history is unrolled before the reader in such a way that his interest never flags, and he is never allowed to dwell too long upon any one phase of the brilliant subject. The bits of characterization are as clever as the historical pages are suggestive and picturesque. The history of Spain, from the time of the Romans down to the reign of Alfonso and Christina, is artistically used as a background for the many-colored life of the present day. In view of the recent death of Alfonso, many of the writer's remarks are of twofold interest. The author has no very high opinion of Don Carlos, whose portrait appears on the last page but one. He touches lightly but effectively on Spanish politics. In fact, there is no point of general interest in the aspect of Spain as beheld by a foreigner upon which he does not utter some pertinent and appreciative sentiment. The descriptions of Spanish popular life are charming. Religious processions, bull-fights, cock-fights, gypsy dances, village festivals, are all described as if they had never been described before. This is the highest praise. The book is full of color. The style is refined, simple and forcible. The author has evidently modelled himself as a writer on Spain upon De Amicis, but he cannot be called an imitator. He shows that he possesses personally many of the qualities which give the Italian writer's book its supremacy among works of the kind; but he has none of his sentimentality, and this fact is in his favor. The passages on Moorish history, as entwined with that of Spain, are more than usually interesting and valuable. It is seldom that a book of travel handles history so gracefully and unobtrusively. The author does not trouble himself much with the art of Spain except as it illustrates history, religion or popular life. He makes no pretence to special knowledge in any direction, but he shows considerable general cultivation. He has an acquaintance with the language and literature of the country, and shows an affection for the Spaniards, individually and as a nation. The pictorial side of the book is admirable in an unpretentious way. It consists of good engravings of photographs and pictures, which have been judiciously chosen as to subject and character, and illustrate all sides of Spanish life.

Those depicting scenes of lower class life are particularly satisfactory. The cover is striking and significant. It gives the figure of a maja, printed in colors, with the escutcheon of Spain and some decorative accessories above her head and widespread fan. The ground is pale sage green.

'WILD FLOWERS OF COLORADO,' by Emma Homan Thayer (Cassell & Co. \$7.50), consists of a series of colored plates of Colorado floral specimens, reproduced from original water-color drawings, made directly from nature. The plates are accompanied by an agreeable account of the artist's personal experiences in Colorado, written in a light conversational vein, and embodying a description of each flower presented to the reader with an account of the circumstances under which its portrait was painted. Many of the flowers are very beautiful. They are all fine in color, and the skilful reproductions have preserved their best points. They are very highly finished and all their details are carefully worked out, as should be the case with plates of this kind. Botanists, students of decorative art, designers, and persons interested in various applications of the floral idea, require a literal and faithful presentation of the actual flower. These plates are admirably adapted to practical use. The handsome cover is in bright blue, with a large design of the thimble flower and grasses printed in gold, red and green.

J. A. S. MONK's etching, 'Driving Sheep on a Dusty Road' (J. E. Chase, Boston), is printed on Japan paper. The remarque-proof is limited to 100 copies, the plate having been destroyed. The etching shows a flock of sheep advancing from left to right, across a low bridge spanning a narrow stream which comes down to the left of the foreground. A line of trees seems to follow the progress of the sheep. The plate is well printed and toned. The gradations of light and shade in the impression of the flock, as a whole, are skilfully managed. The foreground is good in contrast of lights and darks. The sheep drinking at the left form a clever touch of composition. There is a great deal of expression and feeling for animal life in the treatment of the sheep, and the lines are well chosen to render truthfully the texture of the fleeces. The long horizontal line of distant trees and the regularity of the near ones repeat the effect of monotony presented by the sheep. This is an idea full of meaning, although the advisability of carrying it out in detail may be questioned. The lines selected to render the forms of the bare scraggy trees are not what one could desire, either singly or in effect of *ensemble*. They are inharmonious and meaningless, besides being obtrusive as lines, and they injure the trees as a mass.

'THE MODERN CUPID' ('En Chenim de Fer'), by Mounet-Sully of the Comédie Française, with illustrations by Charles Daux (Estes & Lauriat), of which 370 copies are printed at high prices, is evidently an American edition of a French publication. It is in loose sheets of atlas form, with very wide margins. The poem which forms the pretext for the rather clever illustrations relates the story of a railway flirtation of a mild type. Each stanza occupies the middle of a page and is accompanied by colored designs of cupids, young men and women in modern costumes, flowers, fans, hats and other accessories of civilized life, used decoratively. The illustrations are not particularly important, but they are well executed both mechanically and artistically. They belong to a distinctively French school of illustration. The portfolio cover is of gray cloth, delicately toned, with designs in purple, and tied with purple silk.

'POETIC THOUGHTS, WITH PICTURES,' is a handsome volume of black and white reproductions of pictures by members of the Artists' Fund Society of Philadelphia, with selected poetic fragments on alternate pages. The work commemorates the fiftieth anniversary of the establishment of the Society. The plates are executed by one of the numerous photo-mechanical methods of the present day. They are somewhat hard and flat, as a whole, and lacking in depth of tone. The artists represented are C. C. Cooper, Jr. (who has executed the rather clever red design of the title-page), Stephen J. Ferris, F. B. Schell, George C. Lambdin, William T. Richards, E. B. Bensell, I. L. Williams, N. H. Trotter, George H. Wood, L. W. Miller, C. W. Knapp, Frederick James, Thomas B. Craig, James W. Lauderbach, Hermann Simon, Charles H. Spooner, W. H. Willcox, Russell Smith, F. De Crano, F. de B. Richards, Carl Weber, George Wright, C. Philipp Weber, V. de V. Bonfield and Samuel

and John Sartain. Among the best plates are Mr. Ferris's heads of an old man and a young girl, Mr. Schell's landscape, Mr. Trotter's 'Crested Monarch,' Mr. Craig's landscape 'Eventide,' Mr. Lauderbach's 'Dingman's Ferry,' and Mr. Bonfield's 'Storm on the Cohasset Coast.' This last plate is better, mechanically, than most of the others, and with its large masses of black and white is pictorially effective. An account of the organization of the Artists' Fund Society, in 1835, completes the volume. Full-page portraits of Mr. John Neagle, first President of the Society, and of Mr. Thomas U. Walter, first Vice-President, accompany the letter-press. (Lippincott).

THE Hon. Mrs. Norton's 'The Lady of La Garaye' (Randolph & Co. \$1.50) has been made the occasion of a new and beautiful holiday book embellished with several illustrations and the fine press-work of the University Press. In this form it is a small duodecimo of 115 pages, bound in Chinese gilt of quaint character, delectable to look at. The story is a very pathetic one, introduced by a poetical preface of rather excessive length. Figures, initial letters, and top lines are delicately printed in red, while the type as a whole is extremely clear and charming. Such books are a treat for the parlor-table or the lazy Lob-lie-by-the-fires who rejoice in exceeding distinctness or are afflicted with myopic vision.

The Century Magazine, in the bound volume for the half-year ending October, 1885, offers a large amount of good reading which commends itself for the holiday season as well as for every other. Many persons prefer taking their periodical literature semi-annually, and bound volumes of magazines appear to them in the light of special providences. The leading general writers represented in this volume are Henry James, Edward Eggleston, W. D. Howells, Alphonse Daudet, Edmund C. Stedman and G. W. Cable. This is exclusive of the contributors to the celebrated series of War papers which form a department of literature by themselves. The list of poets includes many distinguished names. The artistic side of the magazine is as strong as ever.

The Quiver for 1885 (Cassell & Co.) contains a large amount of good reading of a secular, religious and semi-religious character. It has been known distinctively through its long and prosperous career as a magazine for Sunday reading, but its position among current secular periodicals has always been a leading one. Its short stories and serials are of a good order of fiction, and the illustrations are admirable. The serious articles are from the pens of the most distinguished English thinkers and theologians. No feature is lacking to ensure *The Quiver's* importance as a magazine of general literature.

Books for the Young.

FORTUNATE are the youths and maidens born in this our day and generation, for their lines have certainly fallen in pleasant places. In that indefinite period 'before the War,' now fading into poetic indistinctness, whoever thought of the preparation of books *pueris virginibusque*, at least of books printed and bound and illustrated on the luxurious scale of this extravagant age? Then little Jack Horner sat in his corner and ate his Christmas pie without delicious visions of approaching Santa Claus with arms and saddle-bags bursting with gorgeously pictured volumes. Now Kris Kringle comes in clothed in robes imperial like a Roman emperor, travelling like another Napoleon with a coachful of books and a Louvre-gallery of pictures, one Christmas surpassing another in bright and wonderful things, and one volume spurning another for very fatness and laughter. Holding high heyday in this carnival of books for December, 1885, come two choice volumes culled, one from a classic field, the other from the dim edge of the Dark Ages, and both laden from rim to rim with pleasure for the little folk. They are 'The Travels of Marco Polo, for Boys and Girls,' by Col. T. W. Knox, and 'The Boys' and Girls' Pliny,' edited by John S. White (\$3 each), both fully illustrated and both published by G. P. Putnam's Sons. Marco Polo, the 'mediæval Herodotus,' was the prince of mediæval travellers, and illumined with his wondrous touch the whole of the Orient of the Thirteenth Century. If his name had not already been inscribed in the Book of Gold as a Venetian nobleman, it would certainly have deserved the honor after the perpetuation of his memorable travels, his romantic captivity, and his wretched death. Even twenty years ago, regions explored and fully described by him were a sealed book to the learned of 'Frankistan,' and the thrilling accounts of the

Venetian were regarded with pity, contempt, and incredulity. Now the sober narratives of Wood and Gill and Richthofen and a dozen others confirm and accentuate the apparent hyperboles of Italian rhetoric, and show the reality of much of the marvellous tale of Kublai Khan therein recounted. Such a narrative, fraught as it is with wonders and adventures, with vicissitudes and experiences, with happy and brilliant panorama-pictures of China and Japan, of the 'roof of the world,' of the glories of the Indian Archipelago, of Java and Sumatra and the far-off isles of Madagascar and Zanzibar, must cause a sensitive ear to tingle and a sensitive eye to kindle as they catch glimpses and hear music of these far-distant spheres; and it must be called a singularly fortunate thought in Col. Knox to take it, rid it of repetitions and impurities, and adapt it, with few and unimportant changes, to the requirements of a youthful audience. The abounding illustrations drawn from copious modern sources light up the text and help it as only pictures can. The Prince of the Hundred Castles and the Lord of the Fifty Soups must now confess that he has a new sensation—and that, too, derived from a boys' and girls' book, capitably printed and edited. In the quarto 'Pliny,' Prof. White pursues the same plan as that which he adopted in his meritorious Boys' and Girls' Herodotus and Plutarch. He has taken Pliny's Natural History (so greatly admired and studied by Buffon and Cuvier) and extracted from it all that he thinks would interest a boy or girl of inquiring intelligence. These extracts, agreeably translated, he has combined in one volume, well illustrated and in good type; and in this way he concludes his useful excursions into classic fields in the interest of juvenility. Pliny was a writer profoundly interesting, not only for his Latinity, but for his vast and varied learning, observation, and research. He travelled like Marco Polo, Herodotus, and Plato, was as garrulous as Plutarch, and observed like Gilbert White of Selborne. The ancient world was an open blossom in his hand, and he penetrated it with a fertility of vision, a wealth of scientific training, and an enthusiasm which we are wont to think of only in connection with Darwin or Audubon.

'LOB LIE-BY-THE-FIRE, or the Luck of Lingborough' (E. & J. B. Young & Co., 25 cts.), renews one's regret at the irreparable loss all children, big and little, have sustained in the death of Mrs. Juliana Horatia Ewing. The story is fresh, bright and simple, and treats of a wonderful family goblin who brought luck to Miss Betty and Miss Kitty. It tells with racy charm the tale of pleasant English country life which we cannot hear told too often, and its illustrations by Randolph Caldecott enhance its charm.—SOMEWHAT over a year ago we expressed our regret that the story of 'Jackanapes' was not published in a more permanent form than the little pamphlet in which Roberts Bros. then issued it. Great is our pleasure, therefore, at receiving a bound volume, bearing the imprint of the same firm, and containing not only this but Mrs. Ewing's other delightful stories, 'Daddy Darwin's Dovecot' and 'The Story of a Short Life.' (\$1.) We can add nothing to the praise we have already bestowed upon the first two of these tales—both of which are reprinted with Caldecott's illustrations. 'The Short Life' is illustrated by Gordon Browne.

It is essential to a book for children that its language shall be simple and its thought such as a child can comprehend. It must not err in either of these particulars or it fails of its purpose, whatever the learning or the genius of the author. We can commend 'Children's Stories in American History,' by Henrietta Christian Wright (Scribners), as complying with these requirements, and as being an interesting book to children of a dozen years. The author contrives to give a simple and pleasant account of the discoverers and explorers of America, and in language that is well adapted to a child's understanding. She has skillfully selected what was most interesting and fascinating, with the aim of attracting and holding the mind of the reader.

'TOPSY TURVY,' by C. M. C. B., with delightful illustrations (E. & J. B. Young & Co.), is a story of the waterworld, and how a little boy went down into it with the aid of the fairies and learned much from the frogs and fishes, in a way highly enjoyable to the reader, though now and then somewhat trying to the boy. Being youthful, he had had a very high opinion of himself, and did not quite relish the opinions of fish who looked upon mortals as inferior animals, not even good to eat. The story is very amusing, and incidentally gives a good deal of information, while the pictures and the initial letters of the chapters are wonderfully clever.

The Magazines

THE Christmas *Harper's* is a little library of good literature and lovely pictures. It opens appropriately with 'The Nativity in Art,' by Henry J. Van Dyke, Jr., illustrated from photographs of many Madonnas.—Miss Phelps and Charles Egbert Craddock, with their short Christmas stories full of brightness, sweetness and tenderness, centring even in our own day around adorable childhood, easily lead the fiction of the number.—Miss Woolson's story is becoming quite unendurable from its tedious dealing with unpleasant and unnecessary complications, which might easily be avoided in literature, if not in life, since literature like this conveys no moral and certainly does not entertain.—'Indian Summer,' if not in this instalment remarkable in its detail, is still wonderful for its presentation of the double life lived inwardly and outwardly by the *dramatis personæ*. What they think and what they are appears in dim perspective, but as constantly as a shadow, behind what they do and say. Mr. Howells's farce, 'The Garroters,' is light—very light—and only partially funny.—Mr. Hamilton Gibson's 'Winter Walk' is a treasure-trove, with its dainty, snowy drawings; and the number as a whole is one to be not only bought and read, but carefully cherished, and an extra copy of it bought for the hospital, to which you usually send your magazines when you have read them yourself.

Readers of *The Atlantic* will turn first to the second article of John Fiske on 'The Idea of God.' It is a paper so admirable in its precision, so clear in its logic, so reverent in its tone while sifting with uncompromising sincerity for truth and evidence, that it is like a beautiful geometric drawing.—'The New Portfolio' is closed, but it is a pleasure to know that the Autocrat may open it again by and by. We have enjoyed these new creations of the Doctor's fancy, but the Doctor himself is always so interesting, that we shall hope the next Portfolio will be one of his long and charming soliloquies—the longer the better.—Mrs. Oliphant's serial languishes in the absence of the morbid little boy and the unnatural lovers, but the second book of the 'Princess Casamassima' glitters with the entrance of the Princess herself.

Edward C. Bruce writes pleasantly in *Lippincott's* of the 'Birds of a Texan Winter,' and Margaret Vandegrift gives a pretty variation on an old theme in her story 'The Ferryman's Fee.'—Theodore Wolfe's 'Scenes of Charlotte Brontë's Life in Brussels' recall somewhat needlessly one of the phases of the Brontë misfortunes which were best forgot.—There are more 'Reminiscences of Charles Reade,' and a somewhat amusing farce by James Payn.

'The Atheist's Mass,' a short story, is one of the best in *Temple Bar*. The serials go on forever as a matter of course, and 'A Girton Girl,' read by instalments, seems to contain very little about Girton, though a good deal about girls. There is an entertaining article on Victor Hugo, and 'A Forgotten Goddess' is revealed as Madame Emile de Girardin.—An excellent article in *The Overland Monthly* on 'Recent Sociological Discussions' dwells on the importance of improving the quality of men before improving their condition. 'The Legend of the Two Roses' is a graceful story translated from the German.

A large proportion of readers of *The Century* will be chiefly interested in the article on Helen Jackson which is supplemented by seven new poems, the last she wrote—fine in themselves, and pathetic with their personal significance. Mrs. Jackson's wonderful versatility is recalled by the statement that the editors of *The Century* once seriously contemplated issuing a whole number composed of her contributions, in travels, poems, stories, criticisms, etc. A portrait of Mrs. Jackson, if not wholly satisfactory, gives clearly 'the merry, questioning eyes' that were so distinct a feature of her face.—The War paper is especially interesting as a contribution by John Ericsson on the construc-

tion and work of monitors; while 'The Loss of the Monitor' is given by Francis B. Butts, a survivor; and Mark Twain lightens history and tragedy with his 'Private History of a Campaign that Failed.'—Thomas A. Janvier gives 'a satire on polite conversation' called 'At Mrs. Berty's Tea;' but it is so much of an extravaganza that it would be almost pointless without the printed statement that it *is* a satire.—Charles Waldstein writes on 'The Lesson of Greek Art;' and a paper by Henry Eckford on the new edition of the 'Lamia' of Keats reproduces some of the beautiful illustrations by Will H. Low.—A timely article on 'Faith-Cures,' by A. F. Schaffler, makes the reasonable demand that enthusiasts in the belief should be willing to acknowledge and to chronicle their failures as well as their successes. There are not wanting many who could give the testimony of a lady who sent for Dr. Cullis one evening when she was very anxious in ministering to an acquaintance nominally under his care. The Doctor did not come. Late the next morning as he entered the sick-room and received the patient's faint assurance, 'I am better, Doctor,' he smiled with satisfaction, and murmured: 'I knew you would be better. I could not come conveniently last evening; but I prayed for you; I knew you would be better.' The exhausted lady who had been up all night, ministering in anxiety of mind and weariness of body, to the necessities of the patient, only to find that the patient herself ascribed her improvement to the Doctor's prayers, is not a convert to the idea of 'faith-cures.'

'The Spirit and Method of Scientific Study,' by Prof. J. P. Lesley, in *The Popular Science Monthly*, is an entertaining plea for a certain temperance in science, and for a great deal of what is technically known among experts as 'dead-work.'—'Neuter Insects,' by Charles Morris, gives a great number of new and wonderful facts.—'The Scientific Study of Religion,' by Count D'Alviella, quotes from Dean Stanley that there are 'two methods of interpretation which have wholly and justly failed: the one that attempts to distort the real sense of the words of the Bible, to make them speak the language of science; and the one which tries to falsify science, in order to satisfy the supposed exigencies of the Bible.'

Nevermore.

(FROM THE SPANISH OF GUSTAVO BECQUER.)

THE dusky swallows in thy balcony

To build their nests again will come; again,
With friendly wing, beat, clamoring joyously,
Against thy window-pane.

But they that paused, forgetful to pursue

Their flight, thy beauty and my bliss before,
To whom our names a sound familiar grew,—
They will come back no more.

Again, luxuriant, thy garden-wall

The honey-suckle, as of yore, will climb;
Again its blossoms open, prodigal
Of sweets, at eventime.

But they, the blossoms that for us exhaled

Their sweets, whose cups with dew-drops brimming o'er,
Like tears of joy, together we beheld,—
They will come back no more.

And on thine ear love's ardent utterance

Falling again this silence too will break;
And, yielding to its spell, thy heart perchance
From its deep sleep awake.

But as the saint in silent ecstasy

Before the altar kneeling may adore
As I have loved thee—love like this to thee
Shall come, ah nevermore!

MARY J. SERRANO.

Mark Twain Surprised.

MR. CLEMENS received an early copy of last week's CRITIC, containing Dr. Holmes's poem and Messrs. Warner, Stockton and Harris's letters of condolence with him on having reached the patriarchal age of fifty, and immediately sent the following acknowledgment to this office:—

MY DEAR CONSPIRATORS:—It was the pleasantest surprise I have ever had, and you have my best thanks. It reconciles me to being fifty years old; and it was for you to invent the miracle that could do that—I could never have invented one myself that could do it. May you live to be fifty yourselves, and find a fellow-benefactor in that hour of awful need.

Sincerely yours,

HARTFORD, Nov. 29, 1885.

S. L. CLEMENS.

The Lounger

I RECEIVED last week a recent number of the *Oil City Derrick*, two paragraphs in which had been heavily marked with a blue pencil. The first one read in this wise: 'The *Derrick* publishes this morning in its Titusville correspondence a poem from the pen of America's greatest living poet, John G. Whittier. The verses are dedicated to the Titusville Library, and the *Derrick* takes upon itself the honor of being the first newspaper to present them to the public.' Turning to the marked paragraph in the 'Titusville correspondence,' I found this memorandum: 'The crowning event of the evening's entertainment in the lower hall was the reading, by Rev. J. Allen Maxwell, of the poem which the poet John G. Whittier had dedicated to the Titusville Library. The poem is as follows:

As if some Pantheon's marbles broke
Their strong trance, and lived and spoke,
Life thrills along your alcoved hall;
The Lords of thought awake your call!
Here Greek and Roman find themselves,
Alike upon your crowded shelves,
And Shakespeare treads again his stage,
And Chaucer paints anew his age.

THE second line, it will be observed, doesn't scan. Change 'strong' to 'stony,' however, and all will be well—at least so far as sense and scansion go. In the third line substitute 'the' for 'your.' The two stanzas will then be correctly quoted from a poem written by Mr. Whittier for the opening of the Haverhill (Mass.) Library, and published in the Household Edition of his poems (pp. 412-13). It will thus be seen that the *Derrick* has made a mistake in taking upon itself the honor of being the first to present them to the public. The editor has assumed too much, and is in the position of having been hoist with his own *Derrick*, as it were.

HAVING read a recent article in these columns called 'People Who Steal Books,' H. sends me from Lebanon Springs this note and comment:—'Good people' are honest in everything but books and umbrellas. A clergyman of considerable wealth not long ago stole an umbrella from a shop in Fleet Street and carried it to the Charing Cross Hotel, where he placed it in the entrance hall as his own. The London papers treated it as a very venial offence, and remarked that no one thought it wrong to steal a friend's umbrella. And so with books. An old bachelor friend of mine, who had suffered much from such thieves, wrote the following lines and placed them in each of the volumes of his library.

Of thieves there are a great variety,
Found even in the best society;
Some steal our hearts with charming looks,
Whilst others—don't return our books.

THE *Emporia (Fla.) Gazette*, not content with publishing the news and commenting upon it, has issued a 'Florida Catechism,' embodying, not the religious doctrine most generally adhered to in the Alligator State, but a presumably rose-colored setting-forth of the physical attractions of that swampy peninsula. And now it advertises packages of mistletoe, which will be sent to any address 'upon receipt of five two-cent stamps to cover postage, etc.' In England, the editor declares, 'if a gentleman discovers a lady standing under the mistletoe on Christmas, he has a right to kiss her.' The italics are his. He wants to popularize the time-honored English custom in this country, and I wish him success. But he might describe the mistletoe more attractively than as 'a parasite and a native of Florida.'

The Grant Memoirs Published.

THE first of the two volumes of the 'Personal Memoirs of Gen. U. S. Grant' was issued on Tuesday last. Wednesday's *Tribune* contained the following account of the beginning of the distribution of the 300,000 copies which Messrs. Charles L. Webster & Co. declare have been 'placed':—

There was a running to and fro of book-agents throughout the land yesterday. The invincible 10,000 who have been invading the privacy of the home circle to chant the praises of General Grant's book received the fruit of their months of labor. In all that time they have been walking and talking on faith and hope alone, for no advances were made by the publishers, whose terms have been 'Cash down on the day of publication for every book delivered.' During the last hours of the day there was a steady stream of agents coming from the publishers' offices in Union Square and Nassau Street. The lesser ones had their bundles of books under their arms, the greater had their orders on the warehouses in Fourteenth Street, Astor Place, Mercer Street, and other places where thousands of copies are stored away. Few copies reached the subscribers, the majority of the agents taking their stock home and getting ready to sally forth to-day.

'We have about 140 agents here in the city and Brooklyn,' said one of the publishers yesterday, 'and they have disposed of from 15,000 to 20,000 books.' Some of them have sold from 1200 to 1500 each. Some have only succeeded in working off three or four copies. The average of the best men is from 150 to 200 copies. We tried at first to divide the territory up among them, but had to give 'up that attempt finally and let them fight for it among themselves. The most of our agents are men and above the usual class, because until to-day they have not been able to realize a cent on their work. Thus it took a certain amount of staying power to carry a man through. Our experience has been that men make the best agents, except for selling worthless trash. Then a woman can hold her ground where a man would be kicked out of doors. . . .

'We have been shipping books at the rate of 8000 to 10,000 a day for some time, and the distribution in round numbers is about as follows: Chicago now has 60,000 for distribution throughout Illinois, Indiana and part of Ohio. There are 19,000 copies in San Francisco for the Pacific States, and the agent guarantees double that number of sales from work already done. New England has taken about 40,000 so far. Pennsylvania and Delaware have 50,000. North Carolina, the Virginias and the District of Columbia did well. The sales in the Gulf States were few, not exceeding 6000. Texas was an exception, however, as it took fully half of that 6000. The second volume, which, as the *Tribune* stated some time ago, will be out in March, will be larger than the first. It will contain 600 pages. There will be thirty maps also.'

A third presentation copy was shown the reporter. It was bound in the same style as those for Generals Sheridan and Sherman, but bore the inscription 'Grover Cleveland, President.'

Tennyson's New Poem.

[From *The Spectator*.]

THE Poet-Laureate has seldom written anything more powerful than the poem in the new number of *Macmillan's Magazine*, to which he has given the rather inadequate name of 'Vastness.' But for that name, which betrays his purpose in writing it, we should have supposed that its drift was not so much to encourage the human mind to hold its own undaunted by the vast scale of the phenomena and events to which faith must apply her magic key, as to depict the moral chaos which we should have to face without that key, and which need not stun us if we possess it. He paints a wonderful picture of the meaningless jumble of greatness and littleness, goodness and wickedness, wisdom and folly, which the universe would present without any divine background or any spiritual sequel, and then concludes thus:—

What is it all, if we all of us end but in being our own corpse-coffins
at last,
Swallowed in Vastness, lost in Silence, drowned in the deeps of a
meaningless Past?

What but a murmur of gnats in the gloom, or a moment's anger of
bees in their hive?—

Peace, let it be! for I loved him, and love him for ever: the dead are
not dead but alive.

But without the title which he has chosen for his poem, we should hardly have guessed that Tennyson had meant to lay such stress, as he probably does mean to lay, on the vast scale of the physical universe as constituting the difficulty of a spiritual faith. It is true that he asks in the earlier part of the poem:—

What is it all but a trouble of ants in the gleam of a million millions
of suns?

but then he leaves quickly that aspect of the matter, and dwells throughout the rest of his poem rather on the moral meaninglessness of human life and history without the sequel of an immortal future, than on the pettiness of the proportion in which it stands to those countless worlds to one remote corner of the minutest of which the human race is attached. Indeed, the flash of intense conviction which Tennyson throws upon the moral chaos which he has summoned up, though it suggests that within that moral chaos there may well be principles of order, would hardly dispel the alarm with which the sceptic, who conceived all our moral troubles as the petty confusions of a mere ant-hill, would be penetrated. He might reply,—'Grant that the dead are not dead, but alive, if you please; grant them all immortal; still, if to the universe at large they are as insignificant as immortal ants would still be to us, supposing every ant we crushed under our feet to have an immortal future, how would it be possible to suppose that they occupied all that room in the care and love of the Creator to which your faith gives them a claim? Why make such a fuss about immortal ants, even if immortal ants you be? Why talk of sin, and repentance, and faith as if they mattered more than the mistakes and errors of the minutest insects? Tame your imaginations to believe yourselves what you are, the inhabitants of an infinitesimal corner of an infinitesimal ant-hill, and, if you do, we defy you, whether immortal or not, to deem yourselves of that high importance which conceit alone gives you to your own minds in the counsels of the Eternal.' Such is the mental attitude to which, judging from its title and one or two other indications in this fine poem, we infer that Tennyson means it as a sort of rebuke. For we suppose him to mean that the mere defiance with which deathless love ignores the oblivion of time, implies and includes a revolt of mind against the tyranny which the inconceivable magnitudes of the physical universe are apt to exercise over the shrinking imaginations of men. If there is no conceit in supposing that love is immortal, should there be any conceit in supposing that God shares with us not only his own duration in the future, but his own measures of what is significant and insignificant in the present, and his own power of concentrating into one moment of time the contents of an immeasurable hereafter—in a word, his own secret of ignoring mere vastness, or rather, perhaps, of finding in what seems momentary and transient a vastness of its own which cannot be adequately expressed in terms either of immeasurable space or of immeasurable time? We imagine Tennyson to desire us to infer that if love be really deathless, astronomical infinitude must altogether drop out of our view as an adequate measure of the relative proportions of the universe; for in that case it may easily happen that, in a single moment and in a single spot, that shall take place which shall color with its meaning all the depths of infinite space, and all the ages of immeasurable time. Doubtless, love, if it can exist at all, implies that quantitative measures of the universe are false; that more depends on a spiritual act than on all the long train of preliminary physical and mental conditions of that act, though they may have stretched through an immeasurable past; that neither chaos nor cosmos, neither order nor disorder, neither infinite blind force nor vistas of blinding knowledge, ought to dismay or browbeat by their immensity the spirit which has once learned that these things are but the preparations for acts which bring us into communion with the divine life.

Indeed, the poet might have taken a step further, and made us feel that if this magnificent physical laboratory of the universe ends,—in one corner of it, at least,—in producing a poor sort of creature, who can, nevertheless, be sure of the infinite spiritual importance of his own inward life, no matter how puny he may feel when he looks back on the grand paraphernalia of matter, space, and time, which have been necessary in order to bring him into existence, then all this evolution must have had its spring in a character that is as far above ours in the scope of its spiritual life, as it is in the physical magnificence of its material powers. Tennyson makes the mere consciousness of a deathless love the basis of the defiance with which he meets the oppressive vastness of the universe. And, no doubt, measured merely against that vastness, he would be right. But the consciousness of man truly interrogated, replies, we think, that the best spiritual life of which he is capable, though it entitles him to defy the

pretensions of mere physical grandeur to humiliate him, nevertheless humiliates him even more by its intrinsic spiritual poverty than it can encourage him by its infinite superiority to all purely physical magnificence. No one who has felt what Tennyson puts so finely, can have failed to feel, nevertheless, what a puny fountain of spiritual life that is which, even at its best, springs forth in man after all this age-long preparation. It may be, it is, infinitely greater than to admit of dismay in the presence of vast astronomical magnitudes, as if they had any moral grandeur in themselves. But how poor in itself, how conscious of periodic flickerings, how conscious of taint, how conscious of the immense gulf that has to be passed before even it could honestly call itself supreme over the other elements of our nature, is this love on which the poet insists. Nothing seems to make man seem so great, if he is merely pitting himself against the physical universe, as the spiritual life that is in him. Nothing seems to make him so small, if he will pay the least attention to the upward movements of his own heart, as the mutability, the poverty, and the impurity of that life. We are not sure that Tennyson's climax would not be even greater, if he had gone on to compare his proud self-consciousness of superiority to all mere physical phenomena with his no doubt equally certain consciousness of the infinitely deeper, and richer, and wider love of which he felt that he would fain have the evidence in him, though as yet he has it not. It is the double consciousness of the victory of the spiritual over the physical, and the humiliation of that very same spiritual nature, when we look at what we know we ought to be, and may yet become but are not, which really impresses on the heart the belief that the ultimate ends of creation are all spiritual. As a spiritual being, man confronts the majesty of the merely physical universe with a profound sense of his own greater majesty, and this Tennyson has impressed upon us with his own incomparable force. But it is when he comes to compare himself as a spiritual being with that for which he begins to recognize in his own inmost heart that he is intended, that he feels how miserably poor is the beginning he has made; how vast a distance he has to travel before he reaches his goal, and how certain it is that that goal can only be perfectly reached by full communion with one in whom the majesty of the spiritual life is already as infinitely beyond what it is in us, as it is beyond our power to appreciate or even conceive the grandeur of physical creation. Sublime, no doubt, is the human spirit when it compares itself only with the force of the outward world; but it is in the sense of humiliation, when it compares what it is with what it would be and ought to be—and somehow, we may hope, will be—that it finds the deepest certainty of the spiritual infinitude of God.

"Fly Leaves" Calverley.

[From *The Athenæum*.]

To turn to only one of his poems which are not parodies, what can be more perfect in shape and rhythm than 'Forever'?

Forever: 'tis a single word.
Our rude forefathers deemed it two.
Can you imagine so absurd
A view?

We should quote the whole if every one who cares for such things did not know it. Not only in form, but also in substance, his poetry was the exact outcome of the man's character. It is as little as may be the result of circumstance. It is true that that character has two sides—one, that seen most in later life, shown very appreciatively by Mr. Sendall; and the other, that which struck those who knew him most when he lived most in public. It is this side which Prof. Seeley depicts with perfect truth when he says: 'Those who knew Calverley know that his humor lay actually in his character, that he is not to be called a humorist because he wrote humorously, but that he could not help writing humorously, because he was a humorist.' His was the large-hearted humor which sees the odd pathos which underlies most folly, but combined with a logical intellect, quick to detect unreality whether in substance or in form. From all such unreality or folly he would keep himself clear. And his strong, independent nature made him in an unusual degree self-sufficing, able to live his life without any regard to what others might do or say. Hence came some of the seemingly strange contradictions of his character. He was most sociable, yet most solitary—often living whole days alone, save when he dropped into a friend's room late at night to discuss some new theory or heresy in some newly published translation of Virgil or Horace, which had filled his mind all the day. He was singularly modest in his estimate of himself, and wholly without self-assertion. Yet he cared little or nothing for other persons' judgment of him. Kind-hearted toward all the world, he only asked the world to

let him alone. He ordered his life as seemed right and reasonable to himself, and he did not see, and could not be brought to see, that he should do anything which lay outside that plan. His life was an unprotesting protest against convention. When living as a Fellow at Christ's he could never dine in Hall, except sometimes on Sundays when he had forgotten to provide himself with food beforehand. He disliked four o'clock as a dinner hour—it was the hour of Cambridge in that far-off day—and he could see no claim on him as a Fellow to conform to the practice of other members of a society; the hour seemed absurd to him (no doubt it was absurd), and there was an end of it. He did not see why lectures should be delivered at nine in the morning: so when his class arrived at his rooms—after the custom of those times—he was not infrequently found in bed, whence he was summoned, not in the uproarious way commemorated by Mr. Sendall, but by one of the class respectfully knocking at the lecturer's door, whence in due time he gravely emerged. He thought lectures rather useless: so he did not always prepare his lecture. When a difficulty arose in consequence, he (being sincerity itself) had not the slightest idea of concealing it; he would take a lexicon and arrive at a solution together with his class. Obviously here was a man to vex the soul of dons, whether as a pupil or a teacher! Yet may we not in this age of painful and conscientious teaching see a lovable side to his errors? And his sins were all of omission. He left his active pranks behind him at Oxford. It is noteworthy how the same independence of character which marked him as a man was visible in the boy. Dr. Butler, who tells of his life at Harrow, and speaks of the difficulty of describing a boyhood unlike any he had seen before or has seen since, says that, though remarkable for the amount of his literary knowledge, 'Blayds' (as Calverley then was called) took little share in the life of the school, intellectual or religious. He was sufficient to himself then as afterwards.

The third period of his life brought the nemesis of the second. He who would not fully empty his immense faculty could not do so when he would. It is generally known that the accident which befell him in 1866 so affected his brain that professional life was closed to him just as he had really entered upon it. He would probably have been at least as successful as a lawyer as a poet, for his reason was clear and vigorous, and his power of concentrating himself upon work was as great as it was little used. There is much pathos in this enforced inaction during so many years. Yet, as Mr. Sendall tells us in the graceful conclusion of his memoir, Calverley's life even then was not wholly sad:

He had still before him many years of tranquil happiness and enjoyment in the society of wife, children, and friends, nor was he debarred from the pursuit of his favorite studies; still he chafed under the restriction from active work laid upon him by his physical condition, and, as has been already hinted, he was without the all-mastering strength of will through which a sterner or a more ambitious nature, if gifted with equal intellectual endowments, might have found in a forced period of leisure and retirement the path to solid and enduring fame. Thus it has happened that although the work which he has left behind him is indeed exquisite of its kind, it is, as to much of it, unpurposed and fragmentary; reaching nowhere to the full height of his genius, and leaving almost wholly unevincenced his deeper qualities of mind and heart.

Still there is some of his work which the English-speaking world will hardly let die.

If it is not very easy to describe Calverley as he was, it is equally difficult to abolish the portraiture of him as he was *not*. By an unhappy, but not quite unnatural fatality, he seems to have been fastened on by the undergraduate world of Cambridge as the putative author of every stupid witticism and unrefined practical joke. Some of these have a substratum of truth, some have been oddly transferred from Oxford to Cambridge, but most of them as now told would have been impossible to a man who was always and in all circumstances a gentleman.

This memoir [by W. J. Sendall] reproduces a few of Calverley's pen-and-ink drawings; his power in this way was marvelous. It contains also a portrait which hardly gives the force which marked his face in his best days, nor could it convey his peculiarly erect and easy carriage of the head. These points come out better in an unhappily fading photograph taken in 1860 at Meran during a ramble in Tyrol—a land then so little visited that some of its people, when they found that they were entertaining foreigners, could only conclude that as foreigners they must be Hungarians! The description of this ramble (in the memoir) has obviously been a labor of love to one of the sharers in it, Mr. Walter Besant. Especially humorous and (perhaps) almost creative is his recollection of that fifteen-hour walk over that 'sixty thousand feet' pass.

The American Humorists.

[From the London Daily News.]

THE death of Mr. 'Josh Billings,' which was announced last week, may have diminished the stock of harmless pleasures, but it can hardly be said to have eclipsed the gayety of nations. In this country, at least, however it may have been in the States, Josh Billings was by no means the favorite or leading American humorist. If phonetic spelling were universal much of his fun would disappear. His place was nearer that of Orpheus C. Kerr than of Artemas Ward, or of Mark Twain. It has long been the English habit to look for most of our broad fun across the Atlantic. Americans say we are not a funny people. A chivalrous and mediæval French writer, not unfrequently quoted, once made a kindred remark. We are not at present a boisterously comic lot of geniuses, and if you see the tears running down the eyes of a fellow-countryman reading in a railway carriage, if he be writhing with mirth too powerful for expression, the odds are that he has got hold of a Yankee book. In American country newspapers there is usually one column entirely devoted to facetiae, which appear to have been clipped out of the columns of other country papers. They live on each other, just as the natives of the Scilly Islands are feigned to eke out a precarious livelihood by taking in each other's washing. It is averred that one American journal, the *Danbury Newsman*, contains nothing but merriment, a fearful idea. We have nothing like this at home, and as for writers who make a reader giggle almost indelicately often, where are they to be found? 'Happy Thoughts' affect some of us in this way; others are convulsed by 'Vice Versa'; but, as George Eliot says, nothing causes more misunderstandings than a difference of taste in jokes. It is unsafe to recommend any writer as very funny. No man can ever tell how his neighbor will take a joke. But it may safely be said that authors who really tickle their students are extremely rare in England, except as writers for the stage, and surely 'The Great Pink Pearl' might have made Timon of Athens shake his sides, or might convert a Vedda to the belief that 'there is something to laugh at.' In literature, when we want to be even hysterically diverted, we must as a rule buy our fun from the American humorists. If we cannot make laughter ourselves, at least we can, and do, laugh with them.

A vast amount of American humor may be called local and middle-class. In the youth of Dickens, there was a regular set of home-made middle-class jokes about babies, about washing day, about mothers-in-law, about dinner parties that were not successes, about curtain lectures, about feminine extravagance in bonnet-buying, about drunken men, about beer, all of them jokes worn considerably threadbare. A similar kind of fun, with local differences, prevails in the States, but is wonderfully mixed up with scriptural and religious japes. To us sober Britons, whatever our opinions, these latter jests appear more or less ribald, though they are quite innocently made. Aristophanes, a pious conservative, was always laughing consumedly at the Greek gods, and the Greek gods were supposed to be in the joke. The theatrical season was sacred to the deity of wine and fun, and he, with the other Olympians, was not scandalized by the merriment. In the ages of faith it was also notorious that saints, and even more sacred persons, were habitually buffooned in the Mystery Plays, and the Church saw no harm. The old leaven of American Puritanism has the same kind of familiarity with ideas and words which we approach more delicately, conscious that the place where we tread is holy ground. This consciousness appears to be less present in the States, which are peopled by descendants of the Puritans, and scores of good things are told in 'family' American journals and magazines which are received without a grin in this country. 'We are not amused,' a great person is reported to have once observed when some person had ventured on a hazardous anecdote. And we, meaning the people of England, are often not amused, but rather vexed, by gayeties which appear absolutely harmless on the other side of the ocean. These two kinds of humor, the middle-class jokes about courting between lovers seated on a snake fence, or about Sunday-schools and quaint answers there given to Biblical questions, leave us cold. But surely we appreciate as well as the Americans themselves the extraordinarily intellectual high spirits of Mark Twain, a writer whose genius goes on mellowing, ripening, widening, and improving at an age when another man would have written himself out. His gravity in narrating the most preposterous tale, his sympathy with every one of his absurdest characters, his microscopic imagination, his vein of seriousness, his contrasts of pathos, his bursts of indignant plain speaking about certain national errors, make Mark Twain an author of the highest merit, and far remote from the

mere buffoon. Say the 'Jumping Frog' is buffoonery, perhaps it is, but Louis Quatorze could not have classed the author among the people he did not love, *les buffons qui ne me font rire*. The man is not to be envied who does not laugh over the ride on 'the genuine Mexican Plug' till he is almost as sore as the equestrian after that adventure. Again, while studying the narrative of how Mark edited an agricultural paper in a country district, a person with any sense of humor is scarcely a responsible being. He is quite unfit (so doth he revel in laughter uncontrollable) for the society of staid people, and he ought to be ejected from club libraries, where his shouts waken the bald-headed sleepers of these retreats. It is one example of what we have tried to urge, that 'Mark's way' is not nearly so acceptable in 'The Innocents Abroad,' especially when the Innocents get to the Holy Land. We think it in bad taste, for example, to snigger over the Siege of Samaria, and the discomfiture of 'shoddy speculators' in curious articles of food during that great leaguer. Recently Mark Twain has shown in his Mississippi sketches, in 'Tom Sawyer,' and in 'Huckleberry Finn' that he can paint a landscape, that he can describe life, that he can tell a story as well as the very best, and all without losing his gift of laughter. His travel books are his least excellent; he is happiest at home, in the country of his own Blue Jay.

The contrasts, the energy, the mixture of races in America, the overflowing young life of the continent doubtless give its humorists the richness of their vein. All over the land men are eternally 'swapping stories,' at bars, and in the long endless journeys by railway and steamer. How little, comparatively, the English 'swap stories.' The Scotch are almost as much addicted as the Americans to this form of barter, so are the Irish. The Englishman has usually a dignified dread of dropping into his 'anecdote.' The stories thus collected in America are the subsoil of American literary humor, a rich soil in which the plant cultivated by Mark Twain and Mr. Frank Stockton grows with vigor, and puts forth fruits and flowers. Mr. Stockton is very unlike Mark Twain: he is quiet, domesticated, the jester of the family circle. Yet he has shown in 'Rudder Grange,' and in 'The Transferred Ghost,' very great powers, and a pleasant dry kind of Amontillado flavor in his fun, which somewhat reminds one of Thackeray—the Thackeray of the 'Bedford-row Conspiracy,' and of 'A Little Dinner at Timmins's.' Mr. Stockton's vein is a little too connubial—a little too rich in the humors and experiences of young married people. But his fun is rarely strained or artificial, except in the later chapters of 'Rudder Grange,' and he has a certain kindness and tenderness not to be always met with in the jester. His angling and hunting pieces are excellent, and so are those of Mr. Charles Dudley Warner. This humorist (like Alceste) was once 'funnier than he had supposed,' when he sat down, with a certain classical author, to study the topography of Epipolæ. But his talent is his own, and very agreeable, though he once so far forgot himself as to jest on the Deceased Wife's Sister. When we think of those writers to whom we all owe so much, it would be sheer ingratitude to omit the name of the master of them all, Oliver Wendell Holmes. Here is a wit who is a scholar, and almost a poet, and whose humor is none the less precious for being accompanied by good humor, learning, a wide experience of the world. With Mr. Lowell, he belongs to an older generation, yet reigns among the present. May the reign be long!

Notes

LAST year *The Youth's Companion* gave three thousand dollars in prizes for stories; this year it offers five. Last year short stories only were demanded; this year there is a request for serials as well, and the larger prizes offered are for these. For the best serial for boys or girls the promise is \$1500, for the second-best \$750, for the third-best \$500. For the best short story for boys \$500 will be given, and a similar sum will be paid for the best short story for girls, and the best short story of adventure. The writer of the second-best short story will in each case receive \$250. The serial stories must not contain more than eight nor less than five chapters of 3000 to 35000 words each. The short stories must not contain less than 3000 or more than 4000 words. For further particulars intending competitors should address the assistant editors of the *Companion*, in Boston.

—Mr. David Neal has recently returned from Munich, and is at work on two portraits, one of Mrs. Mark Hopkins, and the other of Mrs. Macomber, of Boston. As soon as these are finished, which will be about a week hence, he will go to Chicago, to paint Mr. and Mrs. Potter Palmer.

—Mr. S. S. McClure promises to furnish his newspaper syndicate, beginning December 6th, with a new novel by Sidney Luska, author of 'As It Was Written.' The new story is called 'Mrs. Peixada' (pronounced pay-shá-da). It will be published in book form by Cassell & Company in March. In addition to 'Mrs. Peixada' and short stories by Mrs. Burnett, Miss E. S. Phelps, F. R. Stockton, Charles Egbert Craddock, and other popular writers, Mr. McClure has secured a series of War stories, to be edited by Mr. A. A. Hayes. The first story, 'Lincoln and Texas,' is by the editor, and is said to contain facts not heretofore published. The second is 'The Meeting on the Ocean Queen,' by Admiral Ammen; the third, 'The Capture of the Yacht America,' by Rear-Admiral Thomas H. Stevens.

—The second volume of Grant's Memoirs, of which the first was published last Tuesday, will appear in March, and will contain over 600 pages, 30 maps, 2 steel plates, and a *fac-simile* of the original document of Lee's surrender. An exhaustive index to the complete work will accompany this volume.

—Gen. Logan's book, 'The Great Conspiracy,' will be issued, by subscription only, early in the spring. The publishers are A. R. Hart & Co., 16 Murray Street. It is possible that some confusion will result from the similarity of this title to that of Gen. Badeau's novel, 'Conspiracy,' just issued by R. Worthington.

—C. Klackner is publishing a number of large etchings by Hamilton Hamilton.

—To the many valuable features of Webster's Unabridged has been added a pronouncing gazetteer of the world, containing over 25,000 titles.

—Brentano Bros. and the International News Co. have both ordered editions of the Christmas number of the London *Graphic*, of which 600,000 copies are said to have been printed. They also advertise the Christmas number of *The Illustrated London News*. These are sold for fifty cents each. The News Co. has also arranged for an edition of *Le Figaro Illustré*, at \$1.25 per copy.

—According to the Topeka *Free Lance*, Dr. George H. Picard's last novel, 'A Mission Flower,' is to Topeka what Henry James' 'Bostonians' is to Boston. 'Some of the city's venerable society people,' the editor adds, 'are most plainly referred to;' and many illustrations of this fact are given.

—A free exhibition of artistic stained glass, designed and executed by Frederic Crowninshield, will be held throughout next week at 247 Fifth Avenue. It will include the cartoons of windows placed in Harvard Memorial Hall, the First Church, Boston, Grace Church, New Bedford, the Marquand Chapel, Princeton, and other churches and private houses.

—An interesting exhibition of etchings by Axel Herman Haig is now open at Wunderlich's. The collection of plates is remarkable as presenting a series of architectural etchings of unusual strength. Mr. Haig is preëminently an interpreter of the spirit of Gothic architecture, English, French, and Swedish. His Spanish subjects show appreciation of the national architecture, and of the street-life of the cities. Mr. Haig etches with a measured force and a fidelity to detail which are generally regarded as qualities belonging to engraving, but the true etcher's spirit is not absent from the technique of these plates. They are all brilliant and stately in effect. Some of them are full of artistic quality. 'The Fountain at Lubeck' and the 'Vesper Hour' are mediæval poems of line and tone.

—Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne will be joint contributors to an early number of *Good Words*. Their subject is 'Our Railway to the Pacific,' the Princess contributing the pictures, and Lord Lorne the letterpress.

—The first exhibition of the Society of Amateur Photographers of New York was recently held at the Sloane Building in this city. It merited much attention, not only from photographers and persons interested in photography, but from artists and the art-world in general, since the artistic element was quite as prominent in it as the photographic. It seemed as though the feeling for artistic photography, which has been steadily gaining ground in America during the past two years, had been focussed in this exhibition. The display of plates was a very encouraging one, some of those exhibited being equal in technique to the best professional work, and possessing an artistic quality which is not often found in the plates of the professional photographer. Among the best works were the landscapes by Mr. H. N. Tiemann, and those by Mr. S. M. Hyde, Mr. Charles W. Canfield's flowers and still-life subjects, Mr. John E. Dumont's landscapes

and figure-compositions, the exhibit of Moorish, Greek and Egyptian subjects made by Mr. and Mrs. Robert W. De Forest, Mr. P. H. Mason's landscapes, Mr. R. A. C. Smith's animals and Cuban scenes, Mr. J. Maghee's animal-subjects, Mr. Philip Meeder's studies of foliage and Mr. Chamberlain's well-composed views of the deck of an ocean steamer. The exhibition was divided into twenty-three classes, and diplomas were awarded for the best work in each class. The Society of Amateur Photographers was organized March 28, 1884, and incorporated June 9, 1885. The President of the Society is Mr. F. C. Beach and the Vice-President Dr. John H. Janeway, U.S.A. Mr. Joseph S. Rich is Treasurer, Mr. Charles W. Canfield Corresponding Secretary and Mr. C. W. Dean Recording Secretary. An exhibition will be held every year, and will doubtless soon become an important feature of the New York art-season. The Society meets twice a month at a room in the Sloane Building.

—Mr. Swinburne has undertaken the article on 'Webster' for 'The Encyclopædia Britannica.' This is Webster the English poet, of course—not the American, of Unabridged renown. Mr. Swinburne has written for *The Nineteenth Century* a critique upon the dramatic works of Thomas Middleton.

—'The Leading Facts of English History,' by D. H. Montgomery, will be published by Ginn & Co. about January 15.

—Ginn & Co. have ready a second edition of Ariel's 'Those Dreadful Mouse Boys,' and promise for Jan. 1 Ruskin's 'King of the Golden River,' in their Classics for Children Series.

—At the Symphony Society's second concert to-night (Saturday) Anton Bruckner's new Symphony in D Minor will be given for the first time. There are other novelties on the programme, and the soloist of the concert will be Herr Sylva, of the German Opera.

—*The Musical Courier* of this city has begun the publication of a series of articles by E. I. Stevenson, of *The Independent*, on the state of ecclesiastical music in the leading denominations of this country.

—Daudet has finished a new book, 'Tartarin sur les Alpes'—a work of 320 pages, illustrated with water-colors beautifully printed, and sold in Paris at from two to sixty dollars a copy. W. R. Jenkins of this city announces an edition for sale in America.

—Laurence Oliphant has written some sketches of autobiography, which will probably appear in *Blackwood's* during the coming year.

—*Literary Life* will hereafter be edited at 111 East 19th Street, New York, 'the advancing requirements of the magazine' necessitating a removal from Chicago to the metropolis.

—Mr. George W. Cable has organized a Sunday-school class in the Edwards Church at Northampton, Mass., and become its regular teacher.

—Mr. Ruskin's publisher hopes to have the new edition of 'Stones of Venice' ready by February, and is already at work at the much-desired reprint of 'Modern Painters,' which he will reproduce with plates equal to those of the first edition, in five handsome volumes at five guineas, during the course of next year.

—The *Telegraph* seems to be devoting more space to literary and literary criticism than any other daily in New York. Ten columns in a single week is a liberal allowance indeed.

—A new 'Trotty Story,' from Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, will be one of the attractions of the Christmas *Wide Awake*. Harriet Prescott Spofford has been engaged as a permanent contributor to this successful magazine. She has written a White Mountain Romance, 'A Girl and a Jewel,' for 1886, and is busy on an important undertaking for the magazine for 1887.

—The sixth volume of the variorum edition of Shakspeare, edited by Horace Howard Furness, is 'Othello.' It is now in the press of J. B. Lippincott Co.

—At the sale of the collection of Mr. Ellis, of New Bond Street, London, last month, the best prices were, says the *Standard*, as follows:—'An early folio edition of Aesop's Fables, in Spanish, woodcuts, 1520, 30l. 10s. (Quaritch); an extraordinary, and probably unique, collection of 468 fugitive tracts, printed in different towns and villages of America between the years 1720 and 1810, in 26 vols., 40l. (Mayer); small quarto, 1649, bound by Bedford, 12l. 5s. (Quaritch); the "History of the Five Indian Nations depending on the Province of New York," by Cadwalader Colden, first edition, New York, 1727, 52l. (B. F. Stevens); "A True Discourse of the Present Estate of Virginia," small quarto, 1615, 66l. (Quaritch).'

—Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have published 'A Mortal Antipathy,' which is to be the permanent title of Dr. Holmes's 'New Portfolio;' and 'Bonnyborough,' a new story by Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney.

—No. 13 of 'The Elocutionist's Manuel,' compiled by Mrs. J. W. Shoemaker (National School of Elocution and Oratory), contains a great variety, and very good selections, of prose and verse.

—The ninetieth anniversary of the birth of Leopold von Ranke, the German historian, will occur on December 21, and will be celebrated at Berlin and elsewhere throughout the German Empire. Kaiser Wilhelm and his family will found a Ranke Historical Institute in Berlin. The veteran historian has finished another volume of his 'History of the World,' which will be issued on the coming anniversary, and is now planning elaborate work for the future. He is hale and vigorous, and works nine hours a day.

—In the December *Journal of the Military Service Institution* will appear a *fac-simile* of Gen. Grant's autograph notes, 'comprising his last message to his countrymen, prepared at Mt. McGregor, June 31, 1885.' The manuscript, consisting of four pages of yellow letter-paper, has been reproduced without reduction.

—Adolph Schulze, a Berlin policeman, has taught himself four languages, and will soon publish a translation into German of Colonel Tschewz-Ki-Tong's book on 'China and the Chinese.' He has ready also a novel, and a volume of sketches entitled 'From the Diary of a Berlin Policeman.'

—The fourth series of Johns Hopkins University Studies in Historical and Political Science, beginning in January, will be chiefly devoted to American city government, state constitutional history, and agrarian topics. The series, comprising about 600 pages, will be furnished in twelve monthly parts for \$3, or the bound volume, fully indexed, will be sent at the end of the year 1886 for \$3.50.

—Bulletin No. 7 of the Mercantile Library shows many valuable accessions of new books within the year ending with October.

—'Studies in General History,' an application of the scientific method to the teaching of history, by Mary D. Sheldon, will be published by D. C. Heath & Co. on Dec. 10.

—Noteworthy articles in the November *Andover Review* are Prof. Palmer's argument in favor of the elective system as pursued at Harvard, and the seventh paper in the series on 'Progressive Orthodoxy,' dealing with 'The Scriptures.' Under the title of 'The New Education' Prof. Palmer offers the considerations which have converted him from an opponent into an advocate even of what many call the radical position of the Harvard authorities with reference to requirements for admission, as well as the wide liberty in choice of topics granted to students after they enter. The article is carefully prepared and is most engaging in style and temper. The discussion of 'The Scriptures' is independent and reverent, full of keen insight and spiritual sympathy. Profs. Torrey and Hunt, Messrs. Mabie and Leonard also contribute thoughtful papers. Dr. Selah Merrill writes on 'The Site of Calvary.' We understand that the *Review* is to be enlarged with the new year—the best evidence of its success.

—From a recently reported interview with Mrs. Clemens, the mother of Mark Twain—an old lady of eighty-two, now living at Keokuk, Iowa, we clip the following: 'Sam was always a good-hearted boy,' said Mrs. Clemens; 'but he was a very wild and mischievous one, and, do what we would, we could never make him go to school. This used to trouble his father and me dreadfully, and we were convinced that he would never amount to as much in the world as his brothers, because he was not near so steady and sober-minded as they were.' 'I suppose, Mrs. Clemens, that your son in his boyhood days somewhat resembled his own Tom Sawyer, and that a fellow-feeling is what made him so kind to the many hair-breadth escapades of that celebrated youth?' 'Ah, no!' replied the old lady, with a merry twinkle in her eye; 'he was more like Huckleberry Finn than Tom Sawyer. Often his father would start him off to school, and in a little while would follow him to ascertain his whereabouts. There was a large stump on the way to the school-house, and Sam would take his position behind that, and as his father went past would gradually circle around it in such a way as to keep out of sight. Finally, his father and the teacher both said it was of no use to try to teach Sam anything, because he was determined not to learn. But I never gave up. He was always a great boy for history, and could never get tired of that kind of reading; but he hadn't any use for school-houses and text-books.'

The Free Parliament

[Communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.]

QUESTIONS.

No. 1073.—I should like to learn the name, address and price of the best weekly newspaper published in Glasgow, Scotland.
PORT ALLEN, LA.

K. M. H.

No. 1074.—Any one who will sell at a good price or exchange for other periodicals a copy of *The New York Times* for July 29, 1885, and one for September 26th, will kindly address,
809 SOUTH 3d St., RICHMOND, VA.

W. H. B.

No. 1075.—A story is told of some one (was it Johnson?) who, having a discussion with a fishwoman of Billingsgate, answered her vituperation with geometrical terms which she did not understand, and so came off victor. Can any one tell me where this anecdote can be found?

CHICAGO, ILL.

T. H. S.

[The anecdote is related of Curran, the famous Irish lawyer and orator, and can probably be found in his life by his son, or Charles Phillips's 'Curran and His Contemporaries,' 1850.]

No. 1076.—I should esteem it a great favor if you would give me in 'The Free Parliament' the addresses of the following authors: 1. George William Curtis. 2. W. D. Howells. 3. Constance Fenimore Woolson. 4. T. W. Higginson. 5. Blanche Willis Howard. 6. Edward Everett Hale. 7. General Lew Wallace. 8. Francis Parkman. 9. George Parsons Lathrop. 10. Rebecca Harding Davis. 11. Mrs. Dinah Mulock Craik. 12. R. D. Blackmore. 13. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. 14. Charles Egbert Craddock. 15. George H. Boughton.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

FELIX.

[1, 2, 3 and 7, care of Harper & Bros., New York. 4. Cambridge, Mass. 5. Care of Ticknor & Co., Boston, Mass. 6. Roxbury Heights, Boston. 8. Care of Little, Brown & Co., Boston, Mass. 9. Washington Square (West), New York City. 10. Care of Philadelphia *Inquirer*. 11. Care of Macmillan & Co., publishers, London. 12. Care of Sampson Low & Co., publishers, London. 13. Gloucester, Mass. 14. Care of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 15. West House, Campden Hill, Kensington, London.]

No. 1077.—I have seen both in French and English the poem 'Carcassonne,' the latter being by Mr. John R. Thompson. Can you tell me in which language it was originally written, or give me the French author?

WINCHESTER, VA.

C. H. V.

ANSWERS.

No. 776.—W. M. G. wants the address of *The Reformed Quarterly Review*. It is published by the Reformed Church Publication Board, 907 Arch Street, Philadelphia, and the editors are the Rev. Drs. Thomas G. Apple and John M. Titzel, both of Lancaster, Pa.

LANCASTER, PA.

J. H. D.

No. 1051.—When I was a child in Maryland (*quam dudum!*) my old negro nurse always called clothes 'duds'; she had long been a house-servant in a family of recent English extraction. At the great Stourbridge Fair, near Cambridge, which in the first quarter of this century annually attracted chapmen from all parts of the Kingdom, the booths devoted to the drapers and tailors were termed 'dudders' booths; that was the 'duddery,' and the dealers were 'dudders.' In that noble elegy in which the Rev. Robert Burrowes, Dean of St. Finbar's Cathedral, Cork, deprecates the untimely taking-off (by judicial suspension and consequent asphyxia) of his friend Lawrence, the Stoic, we find a touching allusion to 'duds':

The night before Larry was stretched,
The boys they all paid him a visit;
A bit in their socks, too, they fetched—
They sweated their duds till they riz it.

Thus, naturally, we get from 'duds' (clothes) 'dude'—one whose mind is given to consummate attire. 'Dude' is sometimes written 'puppy'—not without eminent authority: Diderot ('*Vie de Sénèque*') finds no difference between a man and a dog, but the clothes. 'To dudder'—anciently signified to shake, to tremble—as one insufficiently clad trembles with cold. The word that was at first applied to the man who is in need of clothing came at last to be used for the man who supplies it. Hence, a tailor is a 'dudder,' and the thing he produces is a 'dude.'

NEW YORK CITY.

J. W. P.

No. 1052.—The lines are found in a poem by Whittier, called 'First-Day Thoughts.'

WILMINGTON, O.

J. B. W.

THE TRAVELERS INSURANCE COMPANY, of Hartford, Conn., secures full payment of all its policies by \$7,826,000 Assets, and a surplus over all liabilities of \$1,947,000.

Oh! if I only had her complexion. Why, it is easily obtained. Use Porzoni's Powder. For sale by all druggists and fancy goods dealers.